

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1888, by MITCHELL & MILLER.



AMERICANVS SVM.
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
Ten Cents Copy.

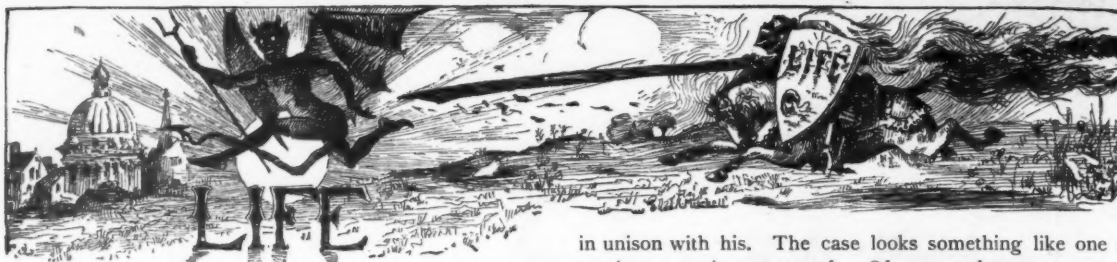


KNOWING THE MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Washington Hostess (giving an evening party): JAMES, ARE THE AMBULANCES AT THE DOOR?

James: YES, MA'AM.

Washington Hostess: THEN YOU MAY ANNOUNCE SUPPER.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. APRIL 19, 1888. No. 277.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX. and X., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

TAKE notice that Mr. Ward McAllister has explained about the strict limitations he was reported to have put around "society" in New York. He was understood to have conveyed the impression that when you got four hundred strictly select persons at a New York ball, you got out all there were. Beyond that number, Mr. McAllister was understood to premise, you might have "selects," but they would not be "strictlys."

H'm!

It may have been the clamor which his observation excited that has stirred Mr. McAllister more recently to aver that he was not quoted with exact fidelity. It was to a reporter who came to him to get the names and pedigrees of the four hundred strictlys that he explained:

"I said that the New York society people who would attend a ball would not be more than four hundred ordinarily. There would be more invited. I don't say anything about how many would be eligible, don't you know? The rest would not take the trouble, don't you know?"

Mr. McAllister, dear sir, that is explanation enough. It is polite, politic and true, and it makes it possible to stay away from divers Delmonico balls without entire loss of social self-respect.

* * *

WHATEVER is there to those young Messrs. Battenberg that they are able to construct such notable alliances with the women of the house of Guelph? The spectacle of old Prince Bismarck gathering his waning energies to thwart the darling purpose of the three Victorias is pathetic. The poor old man is overmatched, and though he has Germany, Russia and England at his back, it is good betting that Alexander Battenberg with the Guelph triumvirate will beat him.

So be it. What are chancellors and their policies that they should come between a brave and hearty young prince like Alexander and the Princess whose heart is all ready to thump

in unison with his. The case looks something like one of sentiment against statecraft. Of course the women are all on the side of sentiment, and considering what manner of women they are, sentiment must be considered to have a fair chance to win.

As for the Battenbergs, if they keep on allying themselves with such respectable European houses as the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns they will presently get credit with their tailors, and when they visit New York, Mr. Ward McAllister will let them dance and drink champagne with his four hundred strictlys.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY dwelt with fondness upon the felicity of walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and, as Americans, we should all be delighted to know that in the person of our representative at the Court of St. James, we may be said to have each of us achieved this high privilege. Indeed, we have little doubt that Mr. Phelps might walk down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm, and walk back with two others, and repeat the performance the next day and the next, until he had gone through the whole peerage, so much is the British nobility charmed by his courtly manners and conservative sentiments. How much better that such men as Messrs. Lowell and Phelps should represent us abroad than that we should send any more Franklins, whose conduct might be calculated to induce foreigners to believe that the difference in our institutions makes a difference in men, and that republicans do not bend before royalty. How much better that Mr. Phelps should have created the opportunity to express his admiration for the simple Christian life of the heir to the throne than that he should in any manner let it be understood that, according to the American estimate of things, the Prince of Wales is a barnacle upon the English nation, an empty figure-head for an out-worn system of government.

* * *

AND will any one recognize in the polished aristocrat who comes among us with his talk of titles, rank, and heraldry the plain and simple Vermont republican that Edward J. Phelps was when he left his native shores to uphold the principles of the Declaration of Independence at the Court of St. James? Have we any among us of sufficient ruggedness and virility to withstand the influence of that court and yet hold his Americanism untainted? James Russell Lowell, the poet of democracy, succumbed under those influences, became de-nationalized, and sank from a patriot to a cosmopolitan; but it remained for Mr. Phelps to throw aside all first principles, and to stand as the representative of a Republic, the most eager courtier of all in the throng of sycophants and flatterers about royalty.



QUALIFIED.

Dissatisfied Colonel: I EXPECTED, CAPTAIN, THAT THE GENERAL WOULD SEND ME MEN OF EXPERIENCE FOR THIS EXPEDITION—I WANTED AN OFFICER TO LEAD MEN WHO HAVE SEEN SERVICE—I DARE SAY YOU NEVER LED ANYTHING?

Captain: I LED THE GERMAN LAST SUMMER AT NEWPORT.

AT THE ACADEMY.

AMERICANS have the reputation abroad of being much given to vulgarity, but we were not prepared to see our artist setting such a blatant example of the national vice as greets the unsuspecting visitor at this year's Academy. The Yankee "artist" is trying to fool the unsophisticated purchaser by putting his painting under a glass. A more pitiful sight is seldom granted a weary public than that of a very ordinary oil painting protected like an antique gem of priceless value behind a sheet of shimmering glass. It injures materially the effect of an honest picture, and renders ludicrous the inferior daub. If some of these exhibitors were more expert with their brushes and less "up" in dealer's tricks, the patriotic visitor would quit the Academy in a less despondent condition.



A FROG far away from the haunts of man
Danced on an old tomato can-can,
And his fingers flew over a wee little flute,
Made from a stem of the sweet-flag root.
"Now the spring is here," he joyously cries,
"I'll fill my stummick with skeeters and flies!"

TO * * *

THY kiss, sweet maid, is much too swift—
The sting of bliss it leaves me;
A tiny tantalizing gift
That sweetly, sorely grieves me.
'Tis like a drop of dew that's lain
Upon the earth that cries for rain.

B. Zim.

A WISE RESOLUTION.

TEACHER (*infant natural history class*): You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter?

TOMMY (*with an air of retrospection*): Yes'm, an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer.

A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

CUSTOMER (*to waiter*): Here, John, take my order. Beef soup, cup of coffee, roast lamb, baked beans, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, mince pie—an' be spry about it; my train leaves in just six minutes.



HOW THE GREEKS MIGHT HAVE DONE IT HAD THEY ONLY KNOWN.

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

MORIARTY (*just landed*): It's a wonderful foine counthry this is for furriners, Paddy. Here ye've only been over a year, and ye look loike a rale gentleman.

O'HOULIHAN: Furriners, ye say! The only furriners here are the Chinees haythens, and they've got to git out.

ONE DRAWBACK.

VISITOR (*to convict*): Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery.

CONVICT: Yes, sir, but the company is a little mixed.



A WORTHY EXAMPLE.

THE Rev. Dr. Pridges, of Athens, Ga., preached his own funeral sermon to his congregation two Sundays ago, having his grave dug and a coffin ready for the occasion. There are a great many clergymen in this great land who would do well to follow Dr. Pridges' example, and conspicuous among these is the Rev. Dr. Talmage, the eminent pulpit athlete of Brooklyn.

LONDON *Punch* waxes sarcastic over Coquelin's article on the art of acting in *Harper's*, and goes for the histrion in an article entitled "L'art! C'est moi!" of which the animus is that M. Coquelin's art is all in his eye, this able joke being constructed upon the actor's advice to his fellow-artists: "Take care to concentrate your whole being in the eye." As M. Coquelin comprehends the English not with facilement, and as *Punch's* least elaborate puns are a study for an expert native etymologist in any event, M. Coquelin is to be congratulated upon his inability to appreciate the full horror of this dire and damning jest.

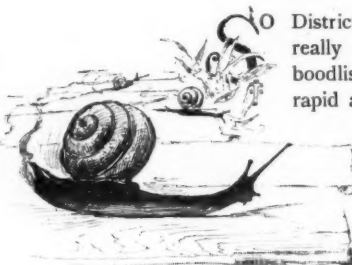
MAYOR HEWITT'S table of statistics indicates that though the Irish may not have any right to fly their flag from the City Hall, they are entitled—so far as the numerical strength of the inmates gives title—to hang it from the roofs of the penal and charitable institutions of the city.



"WHERE THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT WOULD BE POPULAR."

THOUGH a Panama Canal might not make the Himalayan Mountains more easily accessible than they now are, yet who can doubt that it would give us some Handy Andes!

SECRETARY BAYARD'S order that the *Enterprise* storm Tangier, but that in no circumstances should a gun be fired, seems to have settled the Morocco disturbance; but we trust that the rumor that the guns are to be taken out of our men-of-war, in order to preclude the possibility of firing upon an enemy in a rash moment, may not prove true. For how could we salute our naval officers and cabinet ministers without guns?



SO District Attorney Fellows is really going to try another boodlist! Well, this is a rapid age that we live in.

THE newspapers are abusing Mr. Fatty Walsh, the eminent ex-gambler and ruffian, who is warden of the Tombs Prison, because he failed to prevent the suicide of Mr. Francis W. Pittman, the genial truckman, who had been sentenced to hard labor for life for the murder of a disobedient daughter. And yet, it is hard to understand who it is that Mr. Walsh has injured by his negligence. Pittman wanted to die himself: he was of no use to his family; he would not have ornamented society, as he was to be in prison for the remainder of his un-natural life, and he would have been an expense to the people of the State, because no prisoner is self-supporting under our prison system. Ergo, it seems that Mr. Walsh has achieved the solution of an economic problem in a manner satisfactory all round, and should be praised, not blamed.

HE: Yes, I see it's to be the same old story with us—"marry in haste and repent at leisure."

SHE: I don't see how you can say that, Henry; I'm sure it took me nearly two years to bring you to the point.

MR. ANSTEY tells us of a Greek gentleman, who, at the funeral of an infant daughter, apologized for presenting so small a corpse in so large a gathering. If Matthew Arnold had followed the Greek gentleman's example we might tolerate his estimate of the comparative civilization of these United States with a better grace. We may at least flatter ourselves that we have not an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized.

• P^r Knight & Fickl Ladye •

• An Old Englishe Ballade •
• By W. D. Fisher •



MONCLAIRE was a knichte of much renowne,
Famed for the valor of many a deed ;
His eyes were blue and his haire was browne,
And his legs hung over a mylke-whyte steed.

So brave he looked and so firme he rode,
Y^e he won y^e heart of y^e lady faere,
And when he called at her sire's abode,
She gave him a locke of her auburne haire.

He pressed y^e locke to his rubye lyps
And vowed for y^e lady he fain woulde die ;
Then he laide his fingers against his hyps—
He made her a bow and he saide " Good-bye ! "

He hied him off to the holy lande,
To slaughter y^e Turke with his trusty lance :
He carried an axe in his stronge right hand ;
He was covered with armor, except y^e pants.

Alas, for his calves were guarded not !
So when he foughte on y^e desert strande,
His knees were struke with—I know not what,
And his legs, cut off, lay on y^e sande.

They carried his trunke to y^e faere lady :
She gazed on y^e wrecke, but she shed no teare.
The bryde of a crypple she woulde not be—
She wedded another within a yeare.

Monclaire he pined in his lonely cell—
For in his heart there was mickle paine—
For five long yeares, when, strange to tell,
His feet and his legs grew out againe !

SURE SIGN OF INSANITY.

BAGLEY: Jones won ten thousand dollars in a lottery some time ago, and now his relations are trying to make out that he is insane.

GAGLEY: He must be if he was fool enough to tell them anything about his luck.

AN OVERPOWERING LOAD.

FIREMAN: I tell you she was a daisy. I carried her down stairs. She weighed about 200 pounds.

HUSBAND: Of course she fainted?

FIREMAN: No, but I did.

To y^e lady this wondrous thing was tolde :

She sighed for y^e gallant who kissed her haire ;
She thought of her husband so fat and olde ;
She wished she had married y^e brave Monclaire.

But y^e doughtye knichte proved stern and proude ;
His love for y^e fickle dame was dead.
They met on y^e streete 'mid y^e busy crowde,
But he kept his bonnet upon his head.

Y^e lady pined and sickened with grief,
Till she faine woulde call on y^e leach's art ;
But his medicine brought her no relief,
And she died at last of a broken heart.

Monclaire lived on to a good old age,
With no regret for y^e lady faere ;
At times his bosom would swell with rage,
As he gazed on y^e locke of her auburne haire.



A FINE PIECE OF WORK.

"MAMMA," said Flossie, who was admiring herself in the glass, "did God make me?"

"Yes, dear," replied mamma.

"Well," was Flossie's dictum, after a pause, "he needn't be ashamed of it."

A RARE TALENT.

A VERY clever girl that stupid Miss Blum who just went out."

"Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!"

"That's where she's clever."

CERTAINLY William Shakespeare was unconscious of his high poetic merits, notwithstanding his prophecy of fame in the sonnets. Does not the great Emerson tell us that "Bill did better than he knew?"

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

MR. EQUALRIGHTS: I suppose, my love, that you picked up a good deal of interesting knowledge at the Women's Congress.

MRS. E.: Dear me, yes! It isn't often that one has a chance to inspect three thousand bonnets at once!



"BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME."



ON THE SANITY OF LITERARY MEN.

IT has been cabled to this country from London that *The Times*, reviewing Mr. Lowell's recent volume of poetry, says: "Mr. Lowell's strength is that of a fine sensibility to all that is most interesting in nature and man, of a wide and real knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world, and of a nearly complete mastery of his instrument of language."

That is an admirable epitome of what a man of broad culture should be, and Mr. Lowell undoubtedly is. It makes the man of letters—not a recluse, an eccentric, or a libertine for whom we apologize, but a sympathetic and learned man of the world, possessing all the virile qualities demanded by professional work or statesmanship, and, therefore, perfectly at home with the leaders of men in all the walks of life.

MORE and more, as the reasonable attitude toward life gains ground, will those who read and think demand that the literary man shall be like other men, only differing in degree because of a finer sensibility, a broader knowledge, and a more perfect faculty of expression. He is the last man who should seek only the society of those engaged in this work of expressing what other people feel. He must broaden his knowledge and sympathies through contact with men of all crafts; he must absorb from them their experience, and he must read the best books, because they contain the record of the experience of life in the past.

A STRANGE and rude superstition once made of priests and men of letters a peculiar people, occupying a place apart somewhere between men and angels, or men and devils. And both classes went to work to deepen this error by posing in their writings as queer beings, creatures of inspiration and miracle. With the spread of knowledge, the priest and the writer are being pushed from their pedestals to take a part in the struggle for existence on equal terms with us all. We can no longer be awed by a gown or a stole.

IF the reminiscences of Charles Dickens, recently published in *Temple Bar*, and republished in the New York *Tribune*, are true, then it must be admitted that he occasionally acted in the most idiotic manner, judging him by the standards applied to rational men. But the chances are that, after many years, a woman has gone to work to create from memory her idea of what Dickens ought to have been. He, no doubt, was given to posing as a literary man in the old manner, but we can believe that he drew the line at silliness.

Drach.

EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

MRS. LARDINE (of Chicago): Really, Mr. Bigfee, I think that five hundred dollars for so simple a matter as a divorce is quite exorbitant!

MR. BIGFEE (firmly but respectfully): Those are my usual terms, madame.

MRS. LARDINE (with hauteur): Very well, sir, you may write a receipt; but I have never paid so much before, and I never will again.

TOO FRAGILE.

SQUIRE OATCAKE (to dealer in bric-a-brac): I wanten git sunthin' nice, Mister, t' take hum for the wife's birthday.

DEALER: Very well, sir. What do you say to this elegant French cabinet?

OATCAKE: Er—guess I want sunthin' stronger'n that. Accordin' to the papers, these French Cabinets don't last no time.



CONTROLLABLE GRIEF.

"FANNY AND I WERE THE ONLY TWO AT THE FUNERAL, MAMMA, WHO DID NOT CRY."

"DIDN'T YOU FEEL LIKE CRYING?"

"OH, YES, BUT COULDN'T; WE HAD NO HANDKERCHIEFS."

ANTICIPATING REVENGE.

LOVING AUNT (to erring nephew): It would be useless to speak to your uncle, Charles. You know what a strong will he has.

CHARLES: Ah, just wait till it goes to probate!

THEY WILL GO ON FOREVER.

BRIEFLESS: Congratulate me, Quibble! I've got a case at last.

QUIBBLE: Good! What is it?

BRIEFLESS: I'm retained in the "boodle" trials.

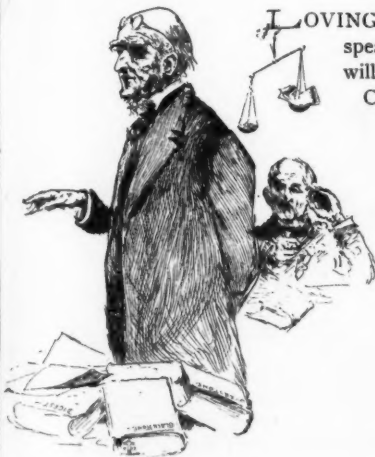
QUIBBLE: Immense! You're fixed for life.

A GROUP of fashionably attired actors should remind us of the nation's emblem—the stars and stripes.



A HOME THRUST.

Clay Pipe (to real Havana): SURE, YER NEEDN'T BE PUTTING ON SO MANY AIRS. YOU WERE BORN IN A TENEMENT HOUSE YOURSELF, PROBABLY.





MINISTER PHELPS RETURNED HI



C. D. Gibson

TURN HIS ASTONISHED FAMILY.



O'CONNOR'S HAMLET.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and one of them is James Owen O'Connor. No doubt most of the audiences at the Star Theatre have thought they were asleep and enjoying a nightmare of the first magnitude. Mr. O'Connor played *Hamlet*, a part in which several persons of more or less note have endeavored to set forth pet theories as to the mental condition of the Prince of Denmark. Mr. O'Connor cannot be accused of a servile imitation of any of these actors. Like Napoleon the First, "grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sits a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality."

The great question for many years has been, Was *Hamlet* mad? We are now prepared to reply to this inquiry with all the ease and certainty of an answers-to-correspondents column in a Sunday newspaper.

Hamlet was mad. He was stark, staring mad! He was a triangular lunatic of unfathomable idiocy. He was mad in his eyes, in his lips, in his arms, in his hands, and hopelessly insane in his legs. Mr. O'Connor's *Hamlet* is the concentrated extract of Bloomingdale and Blackwell's Island. If the reader can borrow one of the wildest idiots from the asylum on Blackwell's Island, and thoroughly saturate him with a deifying liquid that cheers and inebriates all at once, he will then have a faint and hazy image of O'Connor's *Hamlet*.

But he is not a polite *Hamlet*. He turns his back on the audience and addresses the rear of the stage very often. Yet it may be questioned whether this is not done with a purpose; for no one ever saw anything on this earth exactly like the obverse of James Owen O'Connor. A meal sack set upon two Indian clubs would be symmetrical and decorous in comparison. O'Connor is *sui generis*, and must stand on his own legs, for surely no one else would wish to stand on them.

Mr. O'Connor believes in what Daniel Webster called "noble, sublime, godlike action," and he suits it to the word. When he speaks of feeding upon the air, like the chameleon, he opens his mouth wide, shoots his head forward with a sudden bend of the neck, and then snaps his jaws together like the gleeful crocodile, thus conveying to the audience the impression that he has taken a bite out of the atmosphere. And when he subsequently writhes about the stage in agony, we know that he is suffering from a complaint familiar to our childhood. His caput is much like an egg from which the yolk has been blown out. This might be a misfortune in

case he undertook to play the leading role in a new society comedy, but for *Hamlet* it is just the thing. It enables him to be completely, happily, cheerfully, contentedly an idiot.

Mr. O'Connor is supported by a company the like of which was never before seen on the earth.

REMEMBERING THE SABBATH.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*getting his boots blacked Sunday morning*): Boy, do you know what the good Book says, "Remember the Sabbath day?"

BOOTBLACK: Yessir, I allers remembers it.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Then you go to Sunday-school, do you?

BOOTBLACK: No, sir; I don't go to Sunday-school, but I charges ten cents fer a shine.



AND ANGELS PRAISED HER.

ELLE (*from New York*): May I come in, please?

ST. PETER: I don't know—you went to the theatre during Lent.

FAIR GOTHAMITE: Yes, but I always took my hat off.

(And the angels lifted their voices in welcoming song.)



He: SOPHIA, YOU MAKE ME HAPPY IN YOUR LOVE FOR ME.

She: AND you, ANGELO, MAKE ME HAPPY IN KNOWING I MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Party in foreground, with an expression of nausea, leaves the room.

THE MOOR'S INSULT.

A MORISCO who dwelt at Tangier,
When he viewed the ship *Enterprise* near,
cried aloud in his wrath,
"I don't need a bath;
Don't send your old wash-tubs round
here!"

THE TRIALS OF AN ARTIST.

YOUNG MOTHER (to photographer): I am sorry, Mr. Camera, but the negatives you sent of Baby don't suit.

PHOTOGRAPHER: None of them? There were six.

YOUNG MOTHER: Yes; I like this one very well, although it doesn't do Baby justice, but mother thinks it's horrible. The one she likes I wouldn't consider for a moment. Baby's papa thought this one would do, but his grandma became indignant at the idea and I agreed with her. The dear little fellow's Aunt Kate thought they were all bad, and I guess—that Baby will have to sit again.

LET us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full he makes straight for home.



SPRING STYLES.

"YES, IT'S A LOVELY COLOR, BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE IT FOR THE CITY."

"WHY NOT?"

"IT DOESN'T MATCH THE FIFTH AVENUE DUST."

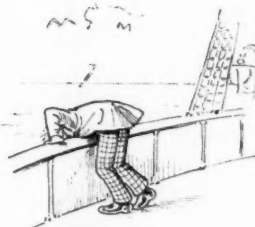
THEATRICAL TERMS.



"A LEADING LADY."



"SECURING A HEAVY PART."



"THROWING IT UP."



"A LONG RUN."



"A LEG PIECE."



"WELL SUPPORTED."



"A POOR NIGHT."



"WELL SET."



Invalid: OH, ANNABEL, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME; I HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM LAST NIGHT; I DREAMT I DIED AND THAT I MET THAT HORRID SUSAN DINGLEY WITH THE ANGELS, AND HER HALO FITTED HER EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE DID ME, AND HER WINGS WERE TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR ANYTHING!

"I'M sitting on the stile, Mary," as he said when he sat on her new Easter bonnet.

A PROPOSED CODE OF CONVERSATION.

IF possessed of no other characteristic meriting approval, this is an age of brevity and dispatch. The inventive powers of thousands of men are exercised in rapidly moving people (who might just as well have stayed at home) to another place and in girdling the earth in forty seconds, so that we can read all the details of the Smith-Kilrain prize fight before it has taken place on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the modern spirit which haunts the marts of trade and the newspaper offices has not invaded the drawing-room. Letter-writing has shriveled up before the telegram and the postal-card, and conversation has become a lost art; small-talk still exists, as teasing and time-destroying as in former days.

Where there is no thought in the mind, and no originality of observation, words come out of the mouth in conventional patterns of speech, patterns which repeat themselves, and which are produced automatically by the pressure of some person or thing.

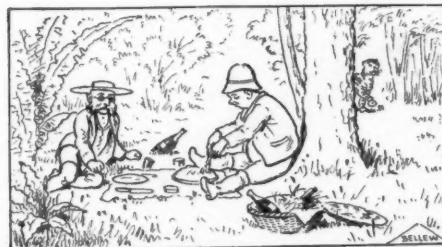
For instance, Mrs. Plyte Robinson calls upon her friend Mrs. Carroll-Gay. The talk crackles on for fifteen minutes, far into the mysteries of flounces and furbelows. Neither of these ladies wishes her time wasted, and yet they must call in person on each other at stated intervals. To avoid this and to give our ladies more time for meditation and shopping, the suggestion is now made that a Code of Conversation, similar to the cable codes, now in use by merchants, be adopted in polite society. In these codes, one word may be used to cover a whole sentence or more; and as each party possesses a key to the code, much time is saved, and money as well. To illustrate the condensation which these codes bring about, the sentence

"Smithkins, London: Macbeth murders sleep—Tyler," may mean

"Smithkins, Gobson & Smithkins, 17 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E. C. We advise you to sell New York Central; a cut in freight rates is expected—J. Calhoun Tyler & Co."

Would it not be charming if Mrs. Robinson could express all her friendly sentiments and social information to Mrs. Gay by a sweet smile and the simple words "thorn pot," and the latter's neat and incisive reply, "speed guest," should be all that would be expected of her as a hostess? The code could be handsomely bound and would be an ornament to the drawing-room table, too, and it would be consulted during the call by each party. With the conventional remarks thus disposed of, perhaps we should begin to meditate upon the eternal verities, and we might some day have ideas which could not be expressed in a code, and exchange them one with another.

HOW THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER LOST HIS LUNCH.



"CONFOUND THOSE HUMANS! THEY ARE ALWAYS INVENTING SOME NEW EXPLOSIVE."



Redfern.

LADIES' TAILOR.

210 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Yachting and Tennis Gowns made from the celebrated Redfern Isle of Wight Serges are guaranteed not to fade, shrink or crush in daily wear.

Yachting and Tennis Hats and Caps in original shapes made to match suits.



Dobbins' Electric Soap.

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP
— IN THE WORLD. —

It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.

THE original formula for which we paid \$50,000 twenty years ago has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.

It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites.

It washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.

READ THIS TWICE.

THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions. ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial. LIKE all best things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC

and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful

Dobbins' Electric Soap.

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$85; it now sells for \$50. Reader, it may seem to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this—easily enough! We often get as much as \$2,000 or \$3,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need

ON THE VERANDAS.

[From the St. Augustine News.]

Evidently they were from New York.
"Her figure, Jack! Lithe and graceful, and, sir, did you ever get a good look into those fathomless eyes of hers? Yes? Well, you are braver than I am! I am honestly afraid to look into their dark depths; and such perfectly white teeth!"
"I suppose you know how she came by them?"
"Nature endowed her with them, of course."
"There's where you are wrong, my dear fellow!"
"You don't mean—you would not insinuate that—?"
"Oh, no, sir; they are not store teeth."
"Then what do you mean?"
"They are simply polished."
"Polished! How is that done—with a woolen rag and some sort of paste and powder?"
"Simply with a little brush—the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher."
"By George! Do you know I wondered—"
18 Polishers boxed, 25 cts. Imperishable Holder, 35 cts. Dealers or mailed. Horsey Mfg. Co., Utica, N. Y.

DALY'S THEATRE. Commencing MONDAY, APRIL 16. Engagement of the Favorite Comedienne, MISS ROSINA VOKES, And her LONDON COMEDY COMPANY.
FIRST WEEK { "A GAME OF CARDS,"
"THE CIRCUS RIDER,"
AND
"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."
SALE OF SEATS NOW IN PROGRESS.

IN a recently published poem, James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.—Scranton Truth.

SENATOR BERRY, of Arkansas, tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a handsaw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.—Kansas City Journal.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH, AND OTHER POEMS. BY E. S. MARTIN. Illustrated.

"Clever pieces and best examples of American vers de société of the period."—Buffalo Commercial.

"A charming volume of poetry. . . . There are poets of old renown whose intrinsic value is not equal to any page of this little volume."—New York Sun.

"There is not a stupid or tiresome poem in the whole of the little volume, and that is such high, such very high praise!"—N. Y. World.

PRICE, \$1.00.

MITCHELL & MILLER,

Publishers, New York.

Or,

FRED. A. STOKES & BROTHER,

Haviland China at First Hands



A. D. Coffees. No. 637. Blue.

I have a large assortment especially adapted for WEDDING PRESENTS

DINNER SETS, SALAD SETS, SOUP SETS, ICE-CREAM SETS, FISH SETS, FRUIT PLATES, GAME SETS, A. D. Coffees, Etc.

Send 50c. for a finely illustrated Price Book.

FRANK HAVILAND,

14 Barclay Street, New York City

BELOW THE ASTOR HOUSE.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY

A New Novel.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON, author of "Pure Gold," "Vera Nevill," etc. 16mo, half cloth, 50 cents; paper cover, 25 cents.

No. 84 of Lippincott's Series of Select Novels.

Mrs. Wister's New Translation.

PICKED UP IN THE STREETS

A Romance from the German of

H. SCHOBERT.

12mo, extra cloth, \$1.00.

If not obtainable at your Bookseller's send direct to the Publishers, who will forward the books, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISE YOUR HOTEL IN

THE RICHFIELD NEWS,
THE SARATOGA NEWS,

KRAKAUER

LADIES' TAILOR.

19 East 21st St.,

NEW YORK.

Is now prepared to show his NEW IMPORTATION of

FABRICS
AND
MODELS
FOR
SPRING
AND
SUMMER

My stock has been selected to suit the highest class requirements. London. Newport.

GEO. MATHER'S SONS
PRINTING INK
60 JOHN STREET, N. Y.
THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH
OUR SPECIAL • LIFE • INK.

Diamond Hams.

The "Diamond" Brand Ham was first cured by S. Davis, Jr., in 1841, and for over forty years it has held its superior position among dealers and consumers throughout both Europe and America. This brand of hams is sold regularly in Montreal, New Orleans, Havana, London and Paris, and by leading Grocers and Provision Dealers of our own country.

A circular, "How to Cook the Diamond Ham," will be sent to any address, by S. DAVIS, JR. & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock,
USE IT FOR SOUPS.
Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes,



EXTRACT OF MEAT

N.B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

THE ONLY

GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys,
AND
CELESTINS } &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE—Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL—Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done

Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks.
Experience of a Prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"You sketch with a free hand, Miss Backbay," remarked the Professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio.

"Entirely free," said the Boston young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion, and waited for the Professor to follow up the opening.—*Chicago Tribune*.

LADY: Do you think, John, that Mrs. Belva Lockwood will be nominated again this year for the Presidency?

HUSBAND: Doubtful, I think. Just now, Mayor Hewitt seems to stand the better show.—*Epoch*.

GOILES: Beg pardon, Squire, but would ye mind askin' your good lady to set t'other end of the pew in church, as she 'ave such a loud voice it gives me and my old woman a singin' in our ears, as we can't hear ourselves speak for days arter.—*Shriekingly funny joke from London Judy*.

INDIGNANT PHYSICIAN: Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him.

DRUGGIST (a calm man, accustomed to abuse): Vhell, what vas der madder mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der righd berscription, und dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

Live People

get on in the world; they look out for the good chances; they go in and win. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, need live people everywhere to work for them. \$1 per hour and upwards easily made; many make more than double that. Either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home. No special ability required; all can do it. Write and see. All will be put before you free; then if you conclude not to go to work, all right. Capital not required; Stinson & Co. start you.

RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK.

What Your Friends and Neighbors Say on a Matter of Vital Importance.

Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would scorn to be a party to any deception. What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your very door.

NEW YORK CITY (253 Fifth Ave.).—It gives me pleasure to express my faith in the virtue of "Warner's Safe Cure," which is the only medicine I ever take or recommend. Six years ago I received the most pronounced benefit from its use at a time when suffering from mental overwork, and I have subsequently in my travels as a public lecturer recommended it to many people, and personally know of several cases where "Warner's Safe Cure" has succeeded when the doctors failed. Although a perfectly well woman I take several bottles every spring just as I take additional care in the selection of tonic-giving food at this season, believing in the ounce of "prevention" rather than the necessity for the pound of cure, and in every instance "Warner's Safe Cure" has the effect to give new energy and vitality to all my powers.

Annie James Miller.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. (263 Sumner Ave.), Dec. 17, 1887.
—I can truly say that your medicine has done our family a great deal of good.

J. Irving Bond

BROOKLYN, N. Y. (30 Irving Place), Dec. 2, 1887.
—Our folks praise "Warner's Safe Cure" very highly, in fact could not do without it.

J. W. Dear

BROOKLYN (248 Raymond St.), May 5, 1885.—About ten years since I was taken very sick, and the doctors said I had Bright's Disease, and could not last very long. I suffered severely and for quite a long time. I then appeared to improve some and got around, but soon relapsed into the same condition as before, and so it went on for a long time, always suffering, never well—miserable and despondent. At last a friend, a member of the same lodge, F. & A. M., persuaded me to try "Warner's Safe Cure," which I did, and very soon experienced relief. I continued steadily with it for some months, much to the disgust of my physician, an old school allopath, and now having discontinued the use for more than a year feel better than for years past. In fact, I have no symptoms of anything being wrong with my kidneys, no pain, the water flowing freely without pain, of a good, clear color, free from sediment and normal in quantity. Furthermore, I am now free from those distressing pains in the loins, which at one time were ever present, no matter what position I might be in, sitting or standing, in bed or the easy chair. In fact I feel to-day that "Warner's Safe Cure" has cured me of a very serious complaint, not only for the time being, but permanently. It is now more than a year since I took the last bottle of "Warner's Safe Cure," and since that time I have not attempted any kind of diet, but have eaten and drank tea, coffee, or anything else I might desire, and to-day am feeling better, weigh more, have a better appetite, am altogether a different man to what I was ten years ago.

Thos R. L. Mills

STRANGER (in drug store): You seem to carry an extensive line of goods.

PROPRIETOR (affably): Yes, sir.

"I've been told that you are a reliable man to deal with."

"You will find everything just as represented, sir. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I guess I'll take a look at the directory."—*Judge*.

Fleming, Brewster & Alley combine the skill of the artist, engraver and printer with the best facilities for the execution of high grade illustrated book and magazine work, fine illustrated catalogues, guide books, prospectuses, artistic advertising publications, in one or more colors. They undertake the illustrating of any publication. 31-33 West 23d Street, N. Y.

AMERICA

THE NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Devoted to the advancement of distinctively American ideas and the upholding and preserving of American Institutions.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A Weekly Paper of Opinion, Fiction, Poetry, Correspondence, Drama, Art, Music and Literature.

NOW RUNNING.

A NEW STORY BY FRANK R. STOCKTON, ENTITLED

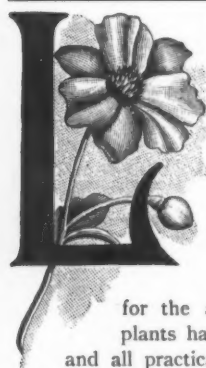
The Adscititious Experiences of Amos Kilbright.

Among the contributors are JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ANDREW D. WHITE, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SETH LOW, FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, ANDREW LANG, and many others.

Subscription, \$3.50 per year. Single copies, 10 cents.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE ON APPLICATION.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
180-182 MONROE STREET, CHICAGO.



LEADING in its artistic illustrations is the paper, "OLD GARDEN FLOWERS," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, and it is worthy of note that it is always the garden of hardy flowers, and never the one of "bedding plants" that furnishes subjects

for the artist's pencil. Hardy plants have all artistic advantages and all practical ones as well. Their first cost being their only cost, and their greatly increasing in size and beauty, year after year, makes an investment in them yield an annual dividend of loveliness not to be computed in any ordinary way.

My pamphlet, THE GARDEN OF HARDY FLOWERS, contains much useful information about hardy plants, their culture, arrangement, etc. It is profusely illustrated with engravings made from actual garden scenes, and contains plans for making hardy borders, beds, and groups. It will be sent with my catalogue, containing a fine colored lithograph of the Japan Irises, on receipt of six cents for postage.

J. WILKISON ELLIOTT,
Hardy Plant Specialist, PITTSBURGH, PA.

BUY THE WRINGER THAT SAVED THE MOST LABOR PURCHASE GEAR
Saves half the labor of other wringers, and costs but little more.
Does not GET EASY!
EMPIRE THE CLOTHES.
Solid White Rubber Rolls. Warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Empire W. Co., Auburn, N. Y.

Stray Leaves from NEWPORT.

By MRS. WM. LAMONT WHEELER.
One Vol., Tapestry Binding, Perfectly Unique.
12mo, gilt top, \$1.50.

"It is likely to create lively interest, inasmuch as Mrs. Wheeler's life has been spent in one of the most exclusive circles of American society."—Gazette.

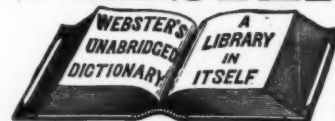
** For sale by all booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by the publishers,

CUPPLES & HURD,
94 Boylston Street, Boston.



VICTOR BICYCLES,
Tricycles and Safeties
LEAD THE WORLD.
Catalog Free.
OVERMAN WHEEL CO.
Boston.

WEBSTER



3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

WEBSTER IS THE STANDARD

Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States, and by leading College Pres'ts of U. S. and Canada.

It is an invaluable companion in every School and at every Fireside.

Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

"THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE,"

First, Second, Third and Fourth Series, handsomely bound.

PRICE, \$2.50.

MITCHELL & MILLER, 28 W. 23d St.,
Or, WHITE, STOKES & ALLEN, Publishers,
New York.

JAMES W. RENWICK,

39 & 41 WOOSTER ST., NEW YORK,

Has in Stock and under Construction a large assortment of Seasonable Carriages, which are offered at very moderate prices.

Special attention is called to my patent Spring Buckboard, which, for easy riding, surpasses anything yet constructed for rough roads.

GAME CARTS, WAGONETTES, DEPOT WAGONS, AND
RUNABOUT WAGONS, IN NATURAL WOOD AND PAINT.

UPTON'S LIQUID GLUE.

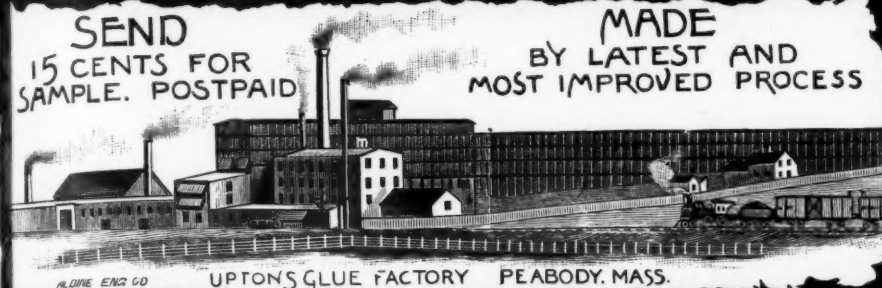
ESTABLISHED 1808

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

THE GREAT STICKER
For Wood Leather Paper Glass and China

SEND
15 CENTS FOR
SAMPLE. POSTPAID

MADE
BY LATEST AND
MOST IMPROVED PROCESS



ALDRE ENG CO

UPTON'S GLUE FACTORY PEABODY, MASS.

GEO. UPTON · 239 FRANKLIN ST · BOSTON · MASS ·

J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ENTIRELY NEW EDITION
OF

Chambers's Encyclopædia

A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh,

AND

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Phila.

REVISED, REWRITTEN,
NEW ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

PRICE PER VOL.	Cloth, - - -	\$3.00
	Cloth, uncut, - - -	3.00
	Sheep, - - -	4.00
	Half morocco, - - -	4.50

VOLUME I. JUST ISSUED.

PRESS NOTICES.

"In learning, accuracy, and scholarly character, the work stands on the highest plane and in the first rank."—*N. Y. Independent*.

"In literary merit and style, as well as in its adaptation to the average inquirer, it is incomparably the very best and cheapest Encyclopædia for popular reference."—*Boston Globe*.

"There can be no doubt that Chambers's Encyclopædia is by all means the best one that has ever been published."—*Boston Traveller*.

"A work that is in every particular worthy of the greatest admiration and praise."—*Rochester Union and Advertiser*.

"It is a great deal more than a revised edition; as a matter of fact, it is almost an entire new work."—*London Publishers' Circular*.

"A concise, accurate, and low-priced Encyclopædia, made better than ever by a thorough revision, practically amounting to a complete rewriting."—*N. Y. Examiner*.

"This is really the book for the people, and there is not a household in the country, in which education is properly valued, where one can afford to do without a work of this kind. No book beside the Bible and the handy dictionary can be said to be more important."—*Boston Herald*.

"A perfect Encyclopædia, accurate and artistically excellent."—*Bristol Western Press, England*.

"So much of excellence do we discover in looking through this one volume that we shall await the appearance of the others with some impatience. Chambers's Encyclopædia, in its new edition, will be the best English book of the kind, and for general use much more valuable than the enormous, ponderous, but unsatisfactory Encyclopædia Britannica."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"It will be a welcome guest in every household where any one wants to know Who's who or What's what."—*N. Y. Publishing World*.

"No more striking illustration of the rapid progress in science and art, and of the additions that have been made, even to our knowledge of the past, in that comparatively brief period, could be adduced than the contents of the first volume of the new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia."—*Philadelphia Times*.

"We give a general welcome to the new issue of Chambers's Encyclopædia. It is a most satisfactory précis of human knowledge, and must in any case be looked upon as one of the milestones which mark our progress."—*London Standard*.

"The merits of this valuable work of reference have been long appreciated. No book of its size gives more information, or gives it, on the whole, with greater accuracy."—*St. James Gazette, London*.

"To go for some particular fact to certain pretentious works is like searching in the proverbial haystack for a needle; in Chambers's we get the facts at once."—*Glasgow Mail*.

"It contains the latest information, on the subject of which it treats, down to the year 1888. From daily use we can recommend it both conscientiously and cordially as a marvelously full, accurate, and convenient work of reference."—*N. O. States*.

May be ordered from any bookseller. Prospectus, with specimen pages, sent on application.

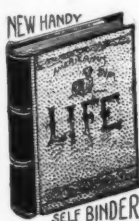
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,

715 and 717 Market St., Philadelphia.



The Genuine
Beware of Imitations. This line is signed

Piesse & Lubin
TRADE MARK:—MURDER DEER



"LIFE" BINDER,
CHEAP, STRONG AND
DURABLE.

Will hold 26 Numbers.

Mailed to any part of the United
States for \$1.00, postage free.

Address:
OFFICE OF "LIFE,"
28 W. 23d Street, New York.

HEADQUARTERS FOR STRAIGHT WHISKIES, "OLD CROW" AND HERMITAGE SOUR MASH.

Sold absolutely pure, unsweetened, uncolored.
Various ages. None sold less than four years old.
Reliable for medical use.

We have taken every barrel of Rye Whisky
made at the Old Crow Distillery since January 1873.
Sole Agents for The Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Full lines of reliable Foreign Wines, Liquors, and
Segars.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 FULTON ST., BROADWAY AND 27TH ST.

AND 9 WARREN STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

EMERSON FINEST TONE
EVERY PIANO WARRANTED 45,000 MADE. BEST WORK AND MATERIALS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. **PIANOS**
EMERSON PIANO CO BOSTON MASS.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.

SILK FABRICS.

INDIA PONGEES
AND CORAHS.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

HOW TO MAKE



Many
women
with fair
faces are
deficient in
beauty owing
to undeveloped
figures, flat
dusks, etc.,
which can be removed
by the use of

It is im-
possible to
give a full
description
in an adver-
tisement; send 6c. in
stamp, and a
descriptive cir-
cular, with testi-
monials, will be
sent you sealed, by
return mail.

ADIPO-MALENE.
L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

DECKER BROTHERS' MATCHLESS PIANOS

33 Union Square, N. Y.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES

ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price List to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND.)

DELBECK+ EXTRA DRY and

Procurable Everywhere.



Procurable Everywhere.

We offer the DELBECK CHAMPAGNES with a full conviction that there are no better wines imported.

WE EXCEPT NONE.

E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS,
53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.



DRESS STAYS
FINISHED IN
THREE STYLES.

Thread, Cloth and Satin Covered. For Sale Everywhere.

Brown's French Dressing

The Original! Beware of Imitations!
AWARDED HIGHEST PRIZE AND ONLY



MEDAL,

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

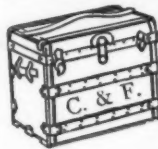
Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition.



*He won't be
happy
till he
gets it!*



Anti-Moth
Page & Rogers' Patent
Anti-Moth Carbolized Paper
The manufacturer assures us that a few sheets placed among woollens, furs, or feathers positively protects them against the ravages of Moths. Will not injure the finest fabrics. Price, 25 cents per quire. Ask your druggist to get it for you, or send to us direct. W. H. Schieffelin & Co., Sole Ag'ts, 170 William St. N. Y.



Crouch & Fitzgerald
MAKE THE BEST
TRUNKS & BAGS.
723 SIXTH AVE., below 42d St.,
556 BROADWAY, below Prince St.,
1 CORTLANDT ST., cor. B'way,
NEW YORK.



The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for Guide.
E. O. McCormick, G. P. A., Chicago.

GREENWAY'S SALE

INDIA PALE ALE

IN GLASS OR WOOD.
FULLY EQUAL TO THE
BEST IMPORTED

RECOMMENDED
BY OUR BEST
PHYSICIANS.

FOR SALE BY ALL
FIRST CLASS
GROCERS &
DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

"BLACK TOP"



THE BEST CHAMPAGNE.

Francis O. de Luze & Co., Sole Agents, N. Y.